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CERTAIN ELEGANT POEMS,

WRITTEN

By Dr. *CORBET*,

BISHOP

OF

NORWICH.

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TO THE *RIGHT HONORABLE* THE Lady *Teynham*:

Her humble Servant *N.N.* wisheth eternall Beauty, both in this world, and the world to come.

Madam,

I Have read that a poor and mean Lamp of a great Philosopher, hath been sold at a great price; And I have seen a Medail;

dail, which in the intrinseck value was worth little, sold at a great rate, because it had the Name and Image of some great Person stampt upon it. I therefore that I may gain an extrinseque value to this Book, have presumed to dedicate it unto you, Madam, in hope that your Nobleneſſe and gentleneſſe is as great as your Beauty, which delighteth and causeth admiration in the eyes of all, but those of the envious: And that you will in the permiſsion of your Name to be set before this Book, imitate the custome of Kings, who set their Names on coines of Copper, as well as on those of Gold; and as the King that coines, sets what value hee pleaseth on his

Money

Money; ſo when your name is ſet to this Work, I will give it what price I pleaſe, and every wiſe perſon will buy it.

POEMS.

Iter Boreale.

FOure Clerks of *Oxford*, Doctors two, and two,
That would be Doctors, having leſſe to doe
With *Auſtin*, then with *Galen*, in Vacation
Chang'd ſtudies, and turn'd bookes to recreation:
And on the tenth of *Auguſt* Northward bent,
A journey not ſo ſoone conceiv'd as ſpent.
The firſt halfe day they rode, they light upon
A Noble Clergy hoſt, *Kitt Middleton*;
Who numbring out good diſhes with good tales,
The major part o'th cheere weigh'd downe the ſcales;
And though the count'nance make the feaſt, ſay bookes;
Wee nere found better welcome with worſe lookes;
Here we payd thankes, and parted, and at night
Had entertainment all in one mans right,
At *Flowre*, a Village, where our Tenant ſhee
Sharpe as a winter morning, fierce, yet free,
With a leane viſage like a Carved face
On a Court-cupboard, offer'd up the Place;

She pleas'd us well, but yet her husband better,
A hearty fellow and a good bone-setter;
Now whither it were providence or lucke,
Whether the keepers or the stealers bucke,
There we had ven'son such as *Virgill* slew,
When he would feast *Æneas* and his crew;
Here we consum'd a day, and the next morne,
To *Daintry* with a Land-winde wee were borne,
It was the Market, and the Lecture day,
For Lecturers sell Sermons, as the Lay
Doe sheepe and Oxen, have their seasons just,
For both their Markets, there wee dranke downe dust.
I'th' interim comes a most officious drudge,
His face and gowne draw'd out with the same budge,
His pendant pouch which was both large and wide,
Look'd like a Letters-patents by his side:
He was as awfull as he had beene sent
From *Moses* with the eleventh Commandement;
And one of us he sought, a man of *Flower*
He must bid stand, and challenge for an hower:
The Doctors both were qttitted of their feare,
The one was hoarse, the other was not there,
Therefore him of the two he seised best,
Able to answer him of all the rest,
Because he needs but ruminate that ore,
Which he had chew'd the Sabbath day before;
For though we were resolv'd to doe him right,
For Master *Bayleys* sake, and Master *Wright*,
Yet he dissembl'd that the Mace did erre,
For he nor *Deacon* was, nor Minister;
No quoth the Serjeant, sure then by relation,
You have a licence Sir, or Toleration;

And if you have no orders 'tis the better,
So you have *Dods* precepts, or *Cleavers* letter;
Thus looking on his Mace and urging still,
'Twas Master *Wrights*, and Master *Bayleys* will,
That he should mount, at last he condescended
To stoppe the gap, and so the Treaty ended;
The Sermon pleas'd, and when we were to dine,
Wee all had Preachers wages, thankes, and wine.
Our next dayes stage was *Littleworth* a Towne
Not willing to be noted, or set downe,
By any Traveller, for when we had beene
Through at both ends, wee could not find an Inne,
Yet for the Church sake turne and light wee must,
Hoping to finde one dramme of *Wickleffs* dust,
But wee found none, for underneath the Pole,
No more rests of his body, then his Soule;
Abused Martyr, how hast thou beene torne,
By two wilde factions! first the Papists burne
Thy bones for hate, the Puritanes in zeale
Doe sell thy Marble, and thy Brasse they steale.
A Parson met us there who had great store
Of Livings, some say, but of Manners more;
In whose streight cheerefull age a man might see
Well govern'd fortune, bounty, wife and fee;
He was our guide to *Lester*, save one mile,
There was his dwelling where wee stay'd a while.
And dranke stale Beere, I thinke was never new,
Which the dunne wench that brought it us did brew;
And now wee are at *Lester*, where wee shall
Leape o're fixe steeples and an Hospitall
Twice told, those Lande-markes I referre
To *Cambdens* eye, *Englands Chronographer*.

Let me obſerve the Almeſ ments Herauldry,
Who being ask'd what *Henry* that ſhould bee
That was their founder Duke of *Lancaſter*,
Anſwer'd, 'Twas *John* of *Gaunt*, I aſſure you Sir;
And ſo confuted all their walls that ſaid;
Henry of *Richmond* this foundation laid.
The next thing to be noted was our Cheere,
Enlarg'd with ſeaven and ſixpence, bread and beere.
But O you wretched Tapſters as you are,
Who reckon by your number, not your fare;
And ſet falſe figures for all Companies,
Abuſing innocent Meales, with oathes and lyes;
Forbeare your Couſnage to Divines that come,
Leſt they bee thought to drinke all that you ſumme.
Spare not the laity in your reckoning thus,
But ſure your theft to us is ſcandalous.
Away my Muſe from this baſe Subject, know
Thy *Pegaſus* nere ſtrucke his foote ſo low:
Is not th' uſurping *Richard* buryed here,
That King of hate, and therefore ſlave of feare;
Drag'd from the fatall field *Boſworth*, where hee
Loſt life, and what he liv'd for, Cruelty?
Search, finde his name, but there is none; O Kings
Remember whence your Powre, and vaſtneſſe ſprings:
If not as *Richard* now, ſo may you bee,
Who hath no Tombe, but Scorne and Memorie.
And though from his owne ſtore *Wolſy* might have
A Palace, or a Colledge for his grave,
Yet here he lyes inter'd, as if that all
Of him to be remembred were his fall:
Nothing but earth to earth, nor pompous weight
Upon him but a pebble, or a quayte.

If

If thou art thus neglected, what shall wee
Hope after death that are but shreds of thee?
Hold! *William* calls to horse, *William* is he,
Who though he never saw threescore and three,
Ore-reckon'd us in age, as he before
In drink, and will bate nothing of fourescore,
And he commands, as if the warrant came,
From the great Earle himselfe, to *Nottingham*:
There wee crosse *Trent*, and on the other side
Pray'd for Saint *Andrew*, as up hill wee ride.
Where wee observ'd the cunning men like Moles
Dwelt not in houses, but were earth'd in holes.
So did they not build upwards, but digge thorough,
As *Hermits* Caves, or *Coneys* doe their Borough.
Great underminers sure as any where,
'Tis thought the powder Traytors practis'd there.
Would you not thinke that men stood on their heads,
When Gardens cover houses there, like leads,
And on the Chimnies toppe, the maide may know,
Whether her pottage boyle, or not, below;
There cast in herbes, or Salt, or bread, her meate,
Contented rather with the Smoake, then heate.
This was the rockie Parish, higher stood
Churches and houses, buildings, stone and wood,
Crosses not yet demolish'd, and our Lady,
With her armes on, embracing her whole Baby:
Where let us note, though these be Northerne parts,
The Crosse findes in them more then Southerne harts.
The Castle's next; but what shall wee report,
Of that which now is ruine, was a fort?
The Gates, two Statues keepe, which Gyants are,
To whom, it seemes, committed is the care

Of the whole downefall, if it be your fault,
If you are guilty, may King *Davids* vault
Or *Mortimers* darke Cell containe you both,
A juſt reward for ſo prophane a ſloath;
And if hereafter tydings ſhall be brought
Of any place, or office to be bought,
And your left lead, or unwedg'd timber yet
Shall paſſe by your conſent to purchaſe it,
May your deformed Bulkes endure the edge
Of axes, feele the beetle and the wedge,
May all the ballads be call'd in and dye,
That ſing the wars of *Colebrand*, and Sir *Guy*;
O yee that do *Guild Hall* and *Holmby* keepe
So carefully when both the Founders ſleepe,
You are good Gyants, and partake no ſhame,
With theſe two worthleſſe trunks of *Nottingham*:
Looke to your ſev'rall charges, we muſt go,
Though griev'd at heart to leave a Caſtle ſo.
The Bull-head is the word, and we muſt eate,
No ſorrow can deſcend ſo low as meate:
So to the Inne we came, where our beſt cheere,
Was that his Grace of *Yorke* had lodged there.
He was objected to us when we call,
Or diſlike ought, my Lords Grace anſwers all;
He was contented with this bed, this dyet,
This keeps our diſcontented ſtomacks quiet.
The Inne keeper was old, fourteſcore almoſt,
Indeed an Emblem, rather then an Hoſt:
In whom wee read how God and Time decree,
To honour thrifty Hoſtlers, ſuch as he:
For in the ſtable firſt he did begin,
Now ſee he is ſole Lord of the whole Inne.

Marke

Marke the increase of straw, and hay, and how
By thrift a bottle may become a Mow,
Marke him all yee that have the golden Itch,
All whom God hath condemned to be rich;
Farewell glad father of thy daughter Mayresse,
Thou Hostler *Phœnix*, thy example rare is.
Wee are for *Newarke* after this sad talke,
And thither 'tis no journey but a walke,
Nature is wanton there, and the high way
Seem'd to bee private though it open lay;
As if some swelling Lawyer for his health,
Or frantique Usurer to tame his wealth,
Had chosen out two miles by Trent, to try
Two great effects of Art and Industry:
The ground wee tread is meadow fertile land,
New trimm'd, and leveld by the Mowers hand,
Above it grew a rocke, rude, steepe and high,
Which claimes a kind of Rev'rence from the Eye:
Betwixt them both there slides a lively streame,
Not loud, but swift; *Meander* was a Theame
Crooked and rough, but had these Poets seene
Streight-even Trent, it had immortall beene;
This side the open plaine admits the Sunne,
To halfe the River which did open runne;
The other halfe raine clouds, where the curld wood
With his exalted head threatned the flood:
Here I could wish us never passing by,
And never past; Now *Newarke* is too nigh;
And as a *Christmasse* seemes a day but short,
Deluding times with revels, and good sport,
So did this beauteous mixture us beguile,
And the whole twelve being travail'd seem'd one mile.

Now

Now as the way was sweete, so was the End,
Our Passage easie, and our prize a Friend;
Whom there we did enjoy, and for whose sake
As for a kind of purer coyne men make
Us lib'rall welcome, with such Harmony
As the whole Towne had beene his Family.
Mine host of the next Inne did not repine
That we perfer'd the Hart and pass'd his signe:
And where we lay the host and hostesse faine
Would shew our loves were aym'd at, not their gaine.
The very beggers were so ingenuous,
They rather pray for him, then beg of us;
And so the Doctors friends be pleas'd to stay,
The Puritans will let the Organs play;
Would they pull downe the Gallery builded new,
With the Churchwardens seate and *Burleigh* pew?
Newarke for light, and beauty might compare
With any Church, but what Cathedrals are:
To this belongs a Vicar, who succeeded
The friend I mention'd, such a one there needed,
A man whose life and tongue is eloquent,
Able to charme those nutt in our heads of *Trent*,
And urge the Canon Home when they conspire
Against the Crosse and Bells with sword and fire:
There stood a Castle too, they shew us here
The place where the King slept, the window where
He talk'd with such a Lord, how long he stayd
In his discourse, and all but what he sayd.
From whence without a perspective we see
Bever and *Lincolne*, where we faine would bee,
But that our purse, and horses too were bound
Within the compasse of a narrower ground.

Our purpoſe is all homeward, and 'twas time
At parting to have din, as well as wine.
Full three a clocke and twenty miles to ride,
Will aske a ſpeedy horſe, and a ſure Guide:
We wanted both; and *Lowborough* may glory,
Error hath made it famous in our ſtory.
'Twas night, and the ſwift horſes of the Sunne
Two houres before our Jades their race had runne;
Nor pilot, Moone, nor any ſuch kinde ſtarre,
As guided thoſe Wiſe men that came from farre,
To holy *Bethlem*; ſuch lights had they b'inne
They would have ſoone conveyd us to an Inne:
But all were wandring ſtarres, and we as they
Were taught no courſe but to ride on and ſtray:
When Oh the fate of darkneſſe, who hath try'd it,
Here our whole Fleete is ſcatter'd, and divided!
And now we labour more to meete, then erſt
We did to lodge, the laſt cryes downe the firſt;
Our voyces are all ſpent, and they that follow
Can now no longer trucke us by the hollow;
They curſe the foremoſt, we the hindmoſt, both
Accuſing with like patience, haſte, and ſloth.
At laſt upon a little Towne we fall,
Where ſome for drinke, ſome for a candle call:
Unhappy we! ſuch ſtraglers as we are,
Admire a Candle oftner then a Starre;
We care not for thoſe glorious lights aloofe,
Give us a tallow Candle, a dry roofe.
And now we have a guide, weele ceaſe to chaſe,
Now we have time to pray the reſt be ſafe,
Our guide before cries Come, and we the whiles
Ride blindfold, and take bridges to be ſtyles,

Till

Till at the laſt we overcome the darke,
And ſpight of night and error hit the marke:
Some halfe houre after enters the whole rayle,
As if they were commitred to the Jayle;
The Conſtable that tooke 'em thus divided,
Made 'em ſeeme apprehended and not guided,
Where when wee had our fortunes both deteſted,
Compaſſion made us friends, and ſo we reſted;
Twas quickly morning, though by our ſhort ſtay,
Wee could not find that wee had leſſe to pay;
All Travellers theſe heavy judgements heare,
A handſome hoſteſſe makes a reckoning deare;
Her ſmiles, her words, your purſes muſt requite 'em,
And every welcome from her adds an Item.
Glad to be gone from hence, at any rate,
For *Boſworth* wee are hors'd: behold the fate
Of mortall men, foule error is a mother,
And pregnant once doth ſoone beget another:
Wee who laſt night did learne to loſe our way,
Are perfect ſince, and further out next day,
And in a Foreſt having travaild ſore,
Like wandring *Bevis* elne, he found the Boare,
Or as ſome Love-ſicke Lady oft hath done,
Before ſhe 'was reſcued by the knight o'th' Sunne,
So are we loſt, and meet no comfort then
But Carts and horſes, wiſer then the men:
Which is the way? They neither ſpeake, nor point,
Their tongues and fingers, both are out of joynt,
Such monſters by *Cole-Hatton* banks there ſit,
After their Reſurrection from the pit.
Whiles in this Mill wee labour and turne round,
As in a Conjurers circle, *William* found

A meanes for our delivery, Turne your clokes
Quoth he, for *Pucke* is busie in these Oakes;
Whenever ye at *Bosworth* will be found,
Then turne your Cloakes, for this is Fairie ground.
But e're this witchcraft was perform'd, wee meete
A very man, who had not cloven feete,
Though *William* still of little faith doth doubt,
'Tis *Robin* or some Spirit walkes about,
Smite him, quoth he, and it will turne to aire,
Crosse your selves thrice, and strike him: Strike that dare
Thought I, for sure this massie Forester,
In blowes will prove the better Conjurer;
But 'twas a gentle keeper, one that knew
Humanity and manners where they grew,
And rode along with us, till he could say,
Loe yonder *Bosworth* stands, and this your way.
And now when we had swear, 'twixt Sunne and Sunne,
And eight miles long, so thirty broade had runne,
Wee learn'd the just proportion from hence,
Of the Diameter, and Circumference.
That night made yet amends, our meate, our fleeces,
Were farre above the promise of those streetes,
Those houses that were til'd with straw and mosse,
Promis'd but weake repaire for that dayes losse
Of patience, yet this outside lets us know,
The worthy'st things make not the greatest show.
The host was easie, and what concernes us more,
The way was so, mine host did ride before,
Mine host was full of Ale, and History;
And on the morrow when he brought us nigh
Where the two Roses joyned, you would suppose,
Chaucer here writ the *Romant* of the Rose,

Heare

Heare him: see yee yond' woods? there *Richard* lay
With his whole Army: looke the other way,
And loe where *Richmond* in a bed of grosse,
Encamp'd himselfe o're night with all his force.
Upon this Hill they met; why, he could tell
The Inch where *Richmond* stood, where *Richard* fell;
Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
Hee had Authentique notice from the Play:
Which I might guesse by's mustring up the Ghosts,
And policies not incident to hosts:
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,
Where he mistooke a *Player* for a King,
For when he would have said, King *Richard* dy'd,
And call'd a Horse, a Horse, he *Burbage* cry'd.
How e're his talke, his company pleas'd well,
His Mare went truer then his Chronicle;
And even for Conscience sake unspurr'd, unbeaten,
Brought us five miles and turn'd talke to *New-Eaton*;
From thence to *Coventrey*, where we scarce dine,
Onely our stomachs warm'd with ale and wine;
And thence as if wee were predestin'd forth,
Like *Lot* from *Sodome*, flye to *Killingworth*.
The keeper of the Castle was from home,
So that halfe mile was lost; yet when wee come
An host receives us there, wee ne're deny him,
My Lord of *Lesters* man, the Parson by him;
Who had no other proofe to testifie,
He serv'd the Lord, but age and bawdery.
Away for shame, why should three miles divide
Warwicke, and us? they that have horses ride,
A short mile from the Towne, an humble shrine,
At foote of a high rocke consists in signe

Of

Of *Guy* and his devotions, who there ſtands,
Ugly and huge, more then a man on's hands,
His *Helmet* ſteele, his *Gorget* Mayle, his *Shield*
Braſſe, made the Chappell fearfull as a field.
And let this anſwer all the Popes complaints:
Wee ſet up Gyants, though wee pull downe Saints.
Beyond this in the rode way as wee went,
A pillar ſtands where this *Coloſſus* leant,
Where he would love, and ſigh, and for hearts eaſe
Oft times write verſes, ſome ſay ſuch as theſe.
Here will I languiſh in this ſilly bower,
While my ſweete heart triumphs in yonder Tower.
No other hindrance now, but wee may paſſe,
Cleare to our Inne; Oh there an hoſteſſe was,
To whom the Caſtle and the dunne Cowe are
Sights after dinner, ſhee is morning ware,
Her whole behaviour borrowed was and mixt,
Halfe foole, halfe puppet, and her pace betwixt
Meaſure and *Jigge*, her courtſy was an honour,
Her gate as if her neighbours had out-gone her;
Shee was barr'd up in Whale bones that did leeſe
None of the whales length, for they reach'd her knees;
Off with her head, and then ſhee hath a middle,
As her Waſt ſtands, juſt like the new found fiddle,
The favourite *Theorbo*, truth to tell yee,
Whoſe neck and throate are deeper then the belly:
Have you ſeene Monkeys chain'd about the loynes,
Or pottle pots, with rings? juſt ſo ſhee joynes
Her ſelfe together; a dreſſing ſhee doth love,
In a ſmall print below, and text above:
What though her name be *King*, yet 'tis no treaſon,
Nor breach of Statute to enquire the reaſon

Of

Of her branch'd ruffe, a Cubit every poake
I ſeeme to wonde her, but ſhe ſtrucke the ſtroake
At our departure, and our worſhips there
Payd for our titles deare, as any where.
Though Beadles and Profeſſors both have done,
Yet every Inne claimes augmentation:
Pleaſe you walke out and ſee the Caſtle, come,
The owner ſaith, it is a Scholler's home,
A place of ſtrength, and health, in the ſame Fort
You would conceive a Caſtle and a Court,
The Orchards, Gardens, Rivers and the Aye
May with the Trenches, Rampires, Wals compare,
It ſeemes no art, no force can intercept it,
As if a Lover built, a Souldier kept it;
Vp to the Tower, though it bee ſteepe and high,
Wee doe not clime, but walk; and though the eye
Seeme to be weary, yet our feet are ſtill
In the ſame poſture, couſn'd up the Hill,
And thus the workemans art deceives our ſence,
Making thoſe rounds of pleaſure and defence.
As wee deſcend the Lord of all this frame,
The Honourable Chancellour to us came,
Above the hill there blew a gentle breath,
But now wee feele a ſweeter gale beneath,
The phraſe and welcome of this Knight did make
The place more elegant: each word he ſpake
Was wine and muſicke, which he did expoſe
To us if all our art could cenſure thoſe:
With him there was a Prelate, by his place
Arch deacon to the Biſhop, by his face
A greater man, for that did counterfeit
Lord *Abbot* of ſome Covent ſtanding yet,

A corpulent relique, marry and'tis fiane,
Some Puritane gets not that face call'd in;
Amongst leane brethren it may scandall bring,
That looke for parity in ev'ry thing;
For us let him enjoy all that God sends,
Plenty of flesh, of livings and offriends,
Imagine us here ambling downe the streete,
Circling in *Flower*, and making both ends meete,
Where wee fare well foure dayes, and did complaine
Like harvest folkes of weather and of raine,
And on the feast of *Bartholmew* we try,
What Revels that Saint keepes at *Banbury*;
I'th' name of God Amen! first to beginne,
The Altar was converted to an Inne,
Wee lodged in the Chappell by the signe,
But in a banck'rupt Taverne by the wine,
Besides our horses usage makes us thinke,
'Twas still a Church, for they in Coffins drinke,
As if 'twere congruous that the ancient'st lye
Close by those Altars in whose faith they dye;
Now you believe the Church hath great varietie
Of Monuments when Innes have such societie,
But nothing lesse, ther's no inscription there,
But the Church-wardens of the last yeare,
In stead of Saints in windowes, and in wals,
Here buckets hang, and there a Cobweb fals:
Would you not thinke they love antiquity,
Who rush their quire for perpetuity,
Whilst all the other pavements and the floore
Are supplicant to the surveyors power
Of the high wayes, that he would gravell'd keepe
Them, or in winter furs they will bee deepe;

If not for Gods ſake, for Maſter *Wheatley's* ſake,
Levell the Walkes; ſuppoſe theſe pit-falls make
Him ſpraine a Lecture, or miſplace a joynt
In his long prayer, or in his ſeventeenth point,
Thinke you the Dawes and Slates can ſet him right?
Surely this ſinne upon your heads will light;
And ſay, Beloved, what unchriſtian charme
Is this, you have not left a leg or arme
Of an Apoſtle? Thinke you if thoſe were whole,
They would ariſe at laſt t'aſſume a ſoule?
If not, 'tis plaine all the Idolatry
Lyes in your folly, not the imag'ry.
'Tis well, the pinnacles are ſafne in twaine,
For now the devill ſhould he tempt againe,
Hath no advantage of a place ſo high:
Fooles! he can daſh you from your Gallery,
Where all your medley meetes, and doe compare
Not what you learne, but who was longeſt there;
The *Puritan*, the *Anabaptiſt*, *Brownift*,
Like a grand-Sallad, *Tinkers*, what a Towne is't?
The Croſſes alſo like old ſtumps of Trees,
Or ſtooles for horſemen that have feeble knees,
Carry no heads above Ground: thoſe which tell,
That Chriſt hath nere deſcended into Hell,
But to the Grave, his picture buryed have
In a farre deeper dungeon then a Grave,
That is deſcended to endure what paines
The Devill can thinke, or ſuch diſciples braines.
No more my griefe, in ſuch prophane abuſes
Good whips make better verſes then the Muſes;
Away, and looke not backe, away, while yet
The Church is ſtanding, while the benefit

Of

Of seeing it remaines so long you shall
Have that rackt downe and call'd Apocryphall,
And in some Barne heare cited many an Author,
Kate Stubs, *Anne Ascue*, or the Ladies daughter,
Which shall be urg'd for Fathers: stop disdaine,
When *Oxford* once appeare: Satan refraine.
Neighbours, how hath our anger thus out-gone us,
Is not Saint *Gileses* this, and that Saint *Johns*?
We are return'd, but just with so much ore
As *Rauleigh* from his voyage, and no more.

R. C.

WHen too much zeale doth fire devotion,
Love is not love, but superstition:
Even so in civill duties when we come
Too oft, we are not kind, but troublesome,
Yet as the first is not idolatry,
So is the last, but grieved industry,
And such was mine whose strife to honour you
By overplus, hath robd you of your due.

On Bishop Ravis.

WNen I passe *Pauls*, and travaile in the walke,
Where all our Brittish sinners sweare and talke,

Old hairy Ruffins, Bankrupts, Southſayers,
And youth whoſe couſenage is as old as theirs;
And there behold the body of my Lord,
Trod under foot by vice which he abhord.
It wounded me the Land lord of all times
Should let long lives and leaſes to their crimes;
But to his ſaving honours ſcarce afford
But ſo much Sunne as to the Prophets Gourd;
Yet ſince ſwift flights and envy hath beſt end,
Like breath of Angels with a bleſſing ſend,
And vaniſheth withall, while fouler deeds
Expect a tedious harveſt of bad ſeeds;
I blame not fame and nature if they gave
Where they could adde no more, the laſt a grave;
And juſtly doe thy grieved friends forbeare
Babble and Alablaſter boyes to reare
Ore thy religious duſt, but bid me know
Thy life, which ſuch illuſions cannot ſhow
For thou haſt dyed amongſt thoſe happy ones,
Who truſt not in their ſuperſtitions,
Their hired Epitaphs, and perjur'd ſtone,
Which oft belies the ſoule when ſhe is gone,
But durſt commit thy body as it lies,
To tongues of living men, not unborne eyes;
What profits thee a ſheet of lead, what good?
If on thy courſe a marble Quarry ſtood?
Let thoſe that feare their riſing purchaſe vaults,
And ſend their ſtatues to wel-ſerved faults,
As if like birds that picke at painted grapes,
Their Judge knew not their perſons from their ſhapes,
Whilſt thou aſſured by thy eaſie duſt
Shalt ſpring at firſt, they would not, yet they muſt:

Nor

Nor need the Chancellor boast, whose *Pyramis*
Above the Hoast and altar reared is;
For though thy body fill a narrow roome,
Thou shalt not change deeds with him for his Tombe.

R. Corbet.

On Doctor Corbets Father.

Vincent Corbet farther knowne
By *Painters* name then by his owne,
Here lies engaged till the day
Of raysing bones and quickning clay:
No wonder reader that he hath
Two Sir-names in one Epitaph,
For this one doth comprehend
All that both families could lend;
And if to know more art then any
Could multiply one into many,
Here a Colony lies then
Both of qualities and men.
Yeares he liv'd were neere fourescore;
But count his vertues, he liv'd more;
And number him by doing good,
He liv'd the age before the flood.
Should we undertake his story,
Truth would seeme fain'd, and fained glory:
Besides the Tablet were too small,
Adding the pillars and the wall;

Yet of this volume much, if sound,
Writ in many a fertill ground,
Where the Printer thee affords
Earth for Paper, Trees for Words.
He was natures Factor here,
And leiger large for every shiere;
To supply the ingenious wants
Of some Spring fruits, and forraine plants.
Simple he was, and withall,
His purse not base, nor prodigall,
Poorer in substance, then in friends,
Future and publique were his ends.
His conscience like his diet, such
As neither tooke nor left too much;
So the made lawes needlesse growne
To him, he needed but his owne.
Did he his neighbour bid like those
That feast them onely to enclose,
Or with their Roastmeat rack their rents,
And cousen them with their fed consents?
No the free meeting of his board
Did but one liberall sense afford;
No Close or Aker understood,
But onely love and neighbourhood.
His Almes were such as Bast defines,
Nor causes to be said, but signes;
Which Almes by faith, hope, love, laid downe,
Layd up what now he wears, a Crowne.
Besides his fame, his goods, his life,
He left a grieved sonne and wife;
Strange sorrow scarce to be beleeved,
When as a sonne and heire is grieved.

R. Corbet.

On the death of Master Rice Manciple of Christ-Church.

WHo can doubt (*Rice*) to what eternall place
Thy soule is fled, that did but know thy face?
Whose body was so light it might have gone
To heaven without a resurrection;
Indeed thou wert all Type, thy limbes were signes,
Thy Arteries but Mathematick lines;
As if two soules had made the compound good,
Which both should live by faith, and none by blood.

R. C.

To his Sonne Vincent Corbet.

WHat I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well;
I wish thee (*Vin*) before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undoe thee.
I wish thee learning, not for shew,
Enough for to instruct, and know;
Not such as Gentlemen require
To prate at Table, or at Fire.

I wish thee all thy mothers graces,
Thy fathers fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at Court
Not to build on, but support:
To keepe thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy wayes,
Nor Lazy nor contentious dayes;
And when thy soule and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

R. C.

An Elegy on the late Lord William Howard, *Baron of* Effingham, *dead the* 10. *of* December, 1615.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I strive
To winne accesse, or grace, with Lords alive:
The dead I serve, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor favour; none a greater man,
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe sent,
From whom no Penance warnes, nor portion spent,
To these I dedicate as much of me
As I can spare from my owne husbandry:
And till Ghosts walke, as they were wont to doe,
I trade for some, and doe these errants too.
But first I doe enquire, and am assur'd,
What tryals in their Journeys they endur'd,

What

What certainties of Honour and of worth,
Their most uncertaine Life-times have brought forth;
And who so did least hurt of this small store,
He is my patron, dy'd he rich or poore.
First I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When Flattery and Envy both doe cease)
Who rul'd his actions: Reason, or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie upon a word,
A badge of Title, or above all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cognisance?
What did he? Acts of mercy, and refraine
Oppression in himselfe, and in his Traine?
Was his essentiall table full as free
As boasts and invitations use to be?
Where if his Russet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine?
Did he thinke perjury as lov'd a sinne,
Himselfe forsworne, as if his slave had beene?
Did he seeke regular pleasures? was he knowne
Just Husband of one Wife, and She his owne?
Did he give freely without pause, or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or should his well-deserving *Client* aske,
Would he bestow a Tilting, or a Maske
To keepe need vertuous? And that done not feare
What Lady damn'd him for his absence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall?
Wore he the ruine of no Hospitall?
And when he did his rich apparell don,
Put he no Widow, nor an Orphan on?
Did he love simple vertue for the thing?
The King for no respect but for the King?

But above all, did his Religion wait
Upon Gods Throne, or on the Chaire of ſtate?
He that is guiltie of no *Quare* here,
Our-laſts his Epitaph, our-lives his Heire.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
Who but this negative goodneſſe ever had?
Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the birth,
He's rather in the wombe than on the earth.
And 'twere a Crime in ſuch a publike fate,
For one to live well and degenerate;
And therefore I am angry, when a name
Comes to upbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art,
Ere thy reproach was ready; or to dye,
Ere cuſtome had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight dayes have paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy debt
To ſinne, and not a libell ſtirring yet,
Courtiers that ſcoffe by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And have no uſe of Slander or of wit;
But (which is monſtrous) though againſt the tide,
The Water-men have neither rayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no diſtinction knowne,
For in thy praiſe the good and bad are one.
It ſeemes we all are coverous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchaſe of good name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are carefull to increaſe
Our title by the holding of ſome leaſe
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th'whole crue
Speake now like Tenants ready to renew:
It were too ſad to tell thy pedegree,
Death hath diſordered all, miſplacing thee,

Whilſt

Whilſt now thy Herauld in his line of heires
Blots out thy name, and fils the ſpace with teares.
And thus hath conqu'ring death, or nature rather,
Made thee prepoſterous-ancient to thy Father,
Who grieves th'art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe.
He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all,
Here lies the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid, when ſhe is ſung and heard.

R. Corbet.

An Epitaph on Doctor Donne, *Deane of Paules.*

HE that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And doe it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd ſo.
He muſt have wit to ſpare, and to hurle downe
Enough to keepe the Gallants of the Towne,
He muſt have learning plenty, both the Laws,
Civill and Common, to judge any cauſe;
Divinitie great ſtore, above the reſt,
Not of the laſt Edition, but the beſt.
He muſt have language, traxaile, all the Arts,
Judgement to uſe, or elſe her wants thy parts;

He

He must have friends the highest, able to doe,
Such as *Mecænus* and *Augustus* too.
He must have such a sicknesse, such a death,
Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath.
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee
He must be dead first; let't alone for me.

R. Corbet.

Upon Mistris Mallet.

HAve I renounc'd my faith? or basely sold
Salvation, or my loyalty for gold?
Have I some sort in practise under looke
By poyson, shot, sharpe knife, or sharper looke
To kill my King? have I betray'd the State
To fire or fury, or some newer fate?
Which learn'd murtherers, those grand destinies,
The Jesuits have nurst; if of all these
I guilty am, proceed, I am content
That *Mallet* take me for my punishment:
For never sinne was of so high a rate
But one nights hell with thee could expiate:
Although the law with *Garnet* and the rest
Deale farre more mildly, hanging's but a jest
To this immortall torture; had she beene
In Martyrs torrid dayes ingendred, when
Cruelty was witty, and invention free
Did live by blood and thrive by cruelty,

Shee

Shee would have beene more horrid engins fatre
Then fire or famine, racke or halters are.
Whether her wit, forme, talke, smile, tire I name,
Each is a stock of tyranny and shame.
But for her breath, spectators, come not nigh,
That layes about, God blesse the company.
The man in a Beares skin baited to death
Would abuse the dogs much rather then her breath:
One kisse of hers, and eighteene words alone
Puts downe the Spanish inquisition.
Thrice happy we (quoth I) thinking thereon,
That see no dayes of persecution,
For were it free to kill, this grisly elfe
Would Martyrs make in compasse of her selfe,
And were she not prevented by our prayer
By this time she corrupted had the ayre.
And am I innocent? and is it true
That thing which Poet *Pliny* never knew?
Nor *Affrick*, *Nile*, nor ever *Hackluits* eyes
Descri'd in all his East, West voiages?
That thing which Poets were afraid to faine
For feare her shadow should infect their braine,
This spouse of Antichrist, and hers alone
Shee's drest so like the whore of *Babylon*,
Should dote on me? as if there should contrive
The devill and shee to damne a man alive.
Why doth not *Welcome* rather purchase her,
And beare about this rare familiar?
Six market dayes, a Wake, and a Faire too't
Would beare his charges, and the ale to boote.
No Tigerlike, she feeds upon a man,
Worse then a Tygresse or a Leopard can,

Let

Let me goe pray and thinke upon some spell,
At once to bid the Devill and her farewell.

R. Corbet.

On great Tom of Christ-Church.

BE dumbe ye infant Chimes, thumpe not your mettle,
That nee'r out-ring a Tinker and his Kettle,
Cease all your petty Larums, for to day
Is young Toms resurrection from the clay;
And know when Tom rings out his knells,
The best of you will be but dinner bells:
Old Tom's growne young againe, the fiery cave
Is now his Cradle that was erst his grave;
He grew up quickly from his mother earth,
For all you see was but an houres birth,
Looke on him well, my life I dare ingage
You nee'r saw prettier Baby of his age.
Some take his measure by the rule, some by
The Jacobs Staffe take his profundity,
And some his altitude but some doe sweare
Young Tom's not like the old, but Tom nee'r feare
The critick Geometricians line,
If thou as loud as e're thou did ring'st nine;
Tom did no sooner peepe from under ground,
But straight Saint *Maries* Tenor lost his sound;
O how this Maypoles heart did swell
With full maine tides of joy, when that crackt bell

Choakt

Thoakt with annoy, and's admiration,
Rung like a quart pot to the Congregation;
Tom went his progresse barely and look't o're
What he nee'r saw in many yeares before;
But when he saw the old foundation,
With like hope of preparation,
He burst with griefe, and left he should not have
Due pompe, he's his owne Bell-man to the grave;
And that there might of him be still some mention,
He carryed to his grave a new invention,
They drew his Browne bread face on pretty gins,
And make him stalke upon two Rowling-pins,
But *Sander Hill* swore twice or thrice by heaven,
He nee'r set such a loafe into the Oven,
And Tom did *Sander's* vex his Cyclops maker
As much as he did *Sander Hill* the Baker;
Therefore lond thumping Tom be this thy pride,
When thou this motto shalt have on thy side.
Great world! one *Alexander* conquer'd thee,
And two as mighty men scarce conquer'd me,
Brave constant spirit, none could make thee turne,
Though hang'd, drawne, quarter'd, still they did thee burne;
Yet not for this, nor ten times more be sorry,
Since thou was marryed for the Churches glory,
But for thy meritorious suffering
Thou shortly shalt to heaven in a string;
And though we griev'd to see thee thumpt and bang'd,
We'l all be glad great Tom to see thee hang'd.

On John Dawson Butler of Christ Church. Doctor Corbet.

Dawson the Butler's dead, although I thinke
Poets were nere's infus'd with single drinke,
Ile spend a farthing Muse, a watry verse
Will serve the turne to cast upon his hearse.
If any cannot weepe among us here,
Take off his cup, and so squeeze out a teare.
Weepe O ye barrells, let your drippings fall
In trickling streames, make wast more prodigall,
Then when one beare was good, that *John* may float
To *Styx* in beare, and lift up *Charons* boat,
With wholesome waves: and as the Conduits ran
With Claret, at the Coronation,
So let your Channels flow with single tiffe,
For *John* I hope is cropt; take off your whiffe,
Ye men of Rosemary, and drinke up all,
Remembring this a Butlers funerall.
Had he beene master of good double beare,
My life for his, *John Dawson* had beene here.

Doctor Corbet against the Anniversarist.

EVen so dead *Hector* thrice was triumpht on
The walls of *Troy*, thrice slaine when fates had done,

So

So did the barbarous Grecians before their host
Torment his ashes, and prophane his Ghost,
At *Henries* vault his peace and sacred hearse
Are torne and batter'd by thy anniverse;
Wast not enough nature and strength were foes,
But thou must yearely murther him in prose?
Or couldst thou hope thy raving phrase could make
A louder eccho then the Almanacke?
Trust me, *November* doth more gastly looke
In *Dades* and *Hopkens* penny, then thy booke,
A sadder record their six figure beares,
Then thy false printed and ambitious teares.
For were it not for Christmas which is nigh,
When fruite, spice, eaten, and digested Pye
Call for more paper, no man could make shift
How to imploy thy whitings to his thrift;
Wherefore for heare for pity, or for shame,
And bid some richer pen redeeme his name
From rottennesse; leave thou him captive, since
So vile a Price nee'r ransom'd such a Prince.

A Letter sent from Doctor Corbet *to Master* Ailebury, *Decem.* 9. 1618.

MY Brother and much more, hadst thou been mine,
Hadst thou in one rich present of a line
Inclos'd Sir *Francis*, for in all this store,
No gift can cost thee lesse, or binde me more,

Hadſt thou (deare *Charle*) imparted his returne,
I ſhould not with a tardy welcome burne;
But had let looſe my joy at him long ſince,
Which now will ſeeme but ſtudied negligence;
But I forgive thee, two things kept thee from it,
Firſt ſuch a friend to gaze on, next a Comet,
Which Comet we diſcerne, though not ſo true
As you at *Sion*, as long taild as you,
We know already how will ſtand the caſe,
With *Barnavell* of univerſall grace,
Though *Spaine* deſerve the whole Star, if the fall
Be true of *Lerma Duke*, and Cardinall,
Marry in *France*, we feare no blood, but wine,
Leſſe danger's in her ſword, then in her vine:
And thus we leave the blazers comming over
For our portents are wiſe and end at *Dover*,
And though we uſe no forward cenſuring,
Not ſend our learned Proctors to the King,
Yet every morning when the ſtarre doth riſe,
There is no blacke for three houres in our eyes;
But like a Puritane dreamer towards this light
All eyes turne upward, all are zeale and white:
More it is doubtfull that this prodigie
Will turne ten Schooles to one Aſtronomy;
And the Analyſis we juſtly feare,
Since every Artiſt ſeeke for reſcue there,
Phyſitians, Lawyers, Glovers on the ſtall,
The Shopkeepers ſpeake Mathematicks all,
And though men read no Goſpell in theſe ſignes,
Yet all profeſſions are become Divines,
All weapons from the Bodkin to the Pike,
The Maſons Rule, and Tailors Yard alike,

Take

Take altitudes, and th'early fidling knaves,
On Fluits and Hoboyes, made them *Jacobs* staves,
Lastly of fingers, glasses we contrive,
And every first is made a Prospective;
Burton to *Gunter* Cants, and *Burton* heares
From *Gunter*, and th'Exchange both tongue & eares
By carriage: thus doth mired Guy complaine,
His Waggon in their letters beares *Charles* Waine,
Charles Waine, to which they say the tayle will reach
And at this distance they both heare, and teach.
Now for the peace of God and men, advise
(Thou that hast wherewithall to make us wise)
Thine owne rich studies, and deepe Harriots mine,
In which there is no drosse, but all refine,
O tell us what to trust to, lest we wax
All stiffe and stupid with his paralex;
Say, shall the old Philosophy be true?
Or doth he ride above the Moone thinke you?
Is he a Metеor forced by the Sun?
Or a first body from creation?
Hath the same starre beene object of the wonder
Of our forefathers? shall the same come under
The sentence of our Nephewes? write and send
Or else this starre a quarrell doth pretend.

Doctor Corbet *to the Lord* Mordant.

MY Lord, I doe confesse at the first newes
Of your returne from home, I did refuse

To visit you, for feare the Northerne winde
Had pierc'd into your manners, and your minde,
For feare you might want memory to forget
Some arts of which might haunt you yet,
But when I knew you were, and when I heard
You were at *Woodstocke* scene well sun'd and ayr'd,
That your contagion in you now was spent,
And you were just Lord *Mordant* as you went,
I then resolv'd to come, and did not doubt
To be in season, though the Bucke was out.
Windsor the place, the day was Holy-rood,
Saint *George* my muse, for be it understood,
For all Saint *George* more early in the yeare
Broke fast, and eate a bit, yet he din'd here,
And though in Aprill in red inke he shine,
Know't 'twas September made him red with wine.
To this good sport rode I, as being allow'd
To see the King, and cry him in the crowd,
And at all solemne meetings have the grace
To thrust, and to be trod on by my place.
Where when I come I see the Church beset
With tumults, as had all the brethren met
To heare some silenc'd teacher in that quarter,
Inveigh against the Order of the Garter;
And justly might the weake be griev'd and wrung,
Because the Garter prayes in a strange tongue,
And doth retaine traditions yet of *France*,
In an old [*Honi soit qui mal y pense*]
Whence learne (those Knights that order that have rais'd)
That all besides the buckle is prophane;
But there was no such doctrine now at stake,
No starv'd physitian from the pulpit spake,

And

And yet the Church was full, all sorts of men,
Religions, sexes, ages were there then,
Whilst he that keeps the Quire, rogether locks
Papists and Puritanes, the Pope and Knox.
Which made some wise men feare that love our nation,
This mixture would beget a toleration;
Or that Religion should united be,
When they said Service, these the Letany.
But no such hast, this dayes devotion lies
Not in the hearts of men, but in their eyes;
They that doe see Saint George, heare him aright,
For he loves not to parley, but to fight.
Amongst this audience (my Lord) stood I,
Well edified as any that stood by;
And knew how many leggs a Knight lets fall,
Betwixt the King, the offring, and his stall:
Aske me but of their robes, I shall relate
The colour and the fashion, and the state:
I saw too the procession without doore,
What the poore Knights and what the Prebends wore:
All this my neighbours that were by me rooke,
Who div'd but in the garment, and the looke,
But I saw more, and though I have their fare
In place and favour, yet I want their pare:
Me thought I then did these first ages know,
Which brought forth Knights so arm'd, and looking so,
Who would maintaine their oath and bind their vow
With these two seales, an Altar and a Sword.
Then saw I George new Painted, when such Priests
Wore him not only on, but in their breasts.
Oft did I wish that day, with open vow,
O that my Country were in danger now;

And 'twas no treason, who could feare to die
When he was sure his rescue was so nigh?
And here I might a just digression make,
Whilst of some particular Knights I spake,
To whom I owe my thankes, but 'twere not best
By praysing two or three t'accuse the rest,
Nor can I sing that order or those men,
That are above the mysterie of my pen;
And private fingers may not touch those things
Whose authors Princes are, whose partners Kings:
Wherefore unburnt I will restraine that fire,
Lest hearing such a Theame I should aspire
T'include my King and Prince, and so rehearse
Names fitter for my Prayer then my Verse;
He that will speake of Princes let him use
More grace then wit, know God's above his Muse.
No more of counsell harke the Trumpets sound,
And the grave Organs with the Anthems drown'd,
The Church had said Amen to all their rites,
And now the Trojan horse lets loose her Knights,
The triumph moves: O what could added be
Save your successe to that solemnity?
Which I expect and doubt not but to see't,
When the Kings favour and your worth shall meet,
I thinke the robes will now become you so,
Saint *George* himselfe would not his owne Knights know,
From the Lord *Mordant*: Pardon me that preach
A doctrine onely that King *James* can teach;
To whom I leave you who alone hath right
To make Knights Lords, and you Lords a Knight.
Imagine now the Scene lies in the hall,
(For at high noone we are devisers all)

The Church is empty as the bellies were,
Of the ſpectators that had langniſh there;
And now the favorites of the Clearke o'th' checke,
Who oft had yawnd and ſtreecht out many a necke
Twixt morne and evening, the dull feeders on
Freſh patience, and rayſins of the Sun,
They who liv'd in the Hall five houres at leaſt,
As if 'twere an arraignment, not a feaſt,
And looke ſo like the hangings they ſtand neere,
None could diſcerne which the true pictures were;
Theſe now ſhall be refreſht, whiles the bold trum
Strikes up his frolick through the Hall they come.
Here might I end, my Lord, and here ſubſcribe
Your honours to his power: but O what bribe,
What feare, or muſt can make my muſe refraine
When ſhe is urg'd of nature or diſdaine?
Not all the guard ſhall hold me, I muſt write
Though they both ſweare, and lie, how they would fight
If I proceed: nay though their Captaine ſay
Hold him, or elſe you ſhall not eate to day;
Theſe goodly yeomen muſt not ſcape my pen,
'Twas dinner time, and I muſt ſpeake of men;
So to the Hall-made I, with little care
To praiſe the diſhes, or to taſt the fare;
Much leſſe t'endanger the leaſt Tart, or Pye
By any water there ſtolne, and ſet by,
But to compute the value of the meare,
Which was for glory, not for hunger eate;
Nor did I feare, ſtand backe: who paſſed before
The preſence or the privy Chamber doore,
But woe is me, the Guard, thoſe men of warre
But two weapons uſe, Beefe, and the Barre

Began to gripe me, knowing not in truth
That I had sung *John Dory* in my youth,
Or that I knew the day when I could chaunt,
Chivie, and *Arthur*, or the Siege of Gaunt;
And though these be the vertues which must try,
Who is most worthy of their courtesie,
They profited me nothing, for no notes
Will move them now, they're dease in their new coates;
Wherefore on run I, afresh they fall, and show
Themselves more active then before, as though
They had some wager laid, and did contend
Who should abuse me furthest at armes end;
One I remember with a grizled beard,
And better growne then any of the heard,
One were he well examin'd, and made looke
His name in his owne parish, and Church Booke,
Could hardly prove his Christendome, and yet
It seemes he had two names, for there were set
On a white Calves doublet which he wore,
Two Capitall Letters of a name, before;
Letters belike which he had spu'd, and spilt,
When the great Bumbard leakt, or was at tilt:
This *Iron side* takes hold, and suddenly
Hurles me, by judgement of the standers by
Some twelve foot by the square, takes me againe
Out throwes it halfe a barre, and thus we twaine
At this hot exercise an houre had spent,
He the fierce agent, I the instrument,
My man began to rage, but I cry'd peace,
When he is dry or hungry he will cease,
Peace for the Lords sake *Nicholas*, lest they take us
And use us worse then *Hercules* did *Cacus*.

And

And now I breath my Lord, now have I time
To tell the cauſe and to confeſſe the crime;
I was in blacke, a Scholler ſtraight they gueſs'd,
Indeed I colourd for it at the leaſt,
I ſpake them faire, deſir'd to ſee the hall,
And gave them reaſons for it, this was all;
By which I learne it is a maine offence,
So neere the Clearke 'orh' Check to utter ſenſe.
Talke of your emblems maſters, and relate
How *Æſop* hath it, and how *Alciate*,
The Cocke, the pearle, the dunghill and the gem,
This paſſeth all that talke of ſenſe to them.
Much more good ſervice was committed yet,
Which I in ſuch a tumult muſt forget,
But ſhall I ſmother that prodigious fit,
Which paſt in cleare invention, and pure wit?
As thus: a nimble knave, though ſomewhat fat,
Strikes at my head, and fairely ſteales my hat;
Another breakes a jeſt, (well *Windſor*, well,
What will enſue there's none can tell.
When they ſpend wit, ſerve God) yet 'twas not much,
Although the Clamour and the applauſe were ſuch,
As when Sir *Archey*, or *Garret* doth provoke them,
And with wide laughter, and a cheate loafe choake them.
What was the jeſt d'ye aske? I dare repeat it,
And put it home before you ſhall entreate it,
He call'd me *Bloxford* man, confeſſe I muſt
'Twas bitter; and it griev'd me in a thruſt
That moſt ingrateſull word *Bloxford* to heare
From him whoſe breath yet ſtunke of *Oxford* Beare;
But let it paſſe, for I have now paſs'd through
Their halberds, (and worſe weapons) their teeth too,

And of a worthy officer was invited
To dine; who all their rudeneſſe hath requited,
Where we had mirth and meate, and a large boord
Furniſht with all the kitchin could affoord,
But to conclude, to wipe off from before ye
All this which is no better then a ſtory;
Had this affront beene done me by command
Of noble *Fenton*, had their captives hand
Directed them to this, I ſhould beleeve
I had no cauſe to jeſt, but much to grieve;
Or had diſcerning *Pembrooke* ſeene this done
And thought it well beſtowed, I would have run
Where no good man had dwelt, no learnd ſhould flie,
Where no diſeaſe would keepe me company,
Where it ſhould be preferment to endure
To teach a Schoole or elſe to ſerve a cure.
But as it ſtands, the perſons and the cauſe
Conſidered well, my manners and their Lawes,
'Tis no affliction to me, for even thus
Saint *Paul* hath fought with beaſts at *Epheſus*,
And I at *Windſor*; let this comfort then
Reſt with all able and deſerving men;
He that will pleaſe the guard and not provoke
Court wits, muſt ſell his learning, buy a cloake;
For at all feaſts, and maskes the doome hath been,
A man thruſt forth, and a gay cloake let in.

To the Duke of Buckingham.

I'Ve read of Ilands floating and remov'd
In *Ovids* time, but never ſaw it prov'd,

Till now; that fable by the Prince and you,
(By your transporting England) is made true.
We are not where we were, the dog-Star reignes
No cooler in our climate, then in *Spaine*;
The selfesame breath, same age, same heate, same burning
Is here, and there, 'twill be till your returning;
Come ere the Cards be altred, else perhaps
Your stay may make an errour in our mappes,
Left England will be found when you shall passe,
A thousand times more Southward then it was;
O that you were (my Lord) O that you were
Now in Black-Friers, or had a disguis'd eare,
Or you were Smith againe two houres to be
In *Pauls* next Sunday, at full Sea at three;
There you should heare the Legends of each day,
The perills of your Inne, and of your way
Your enterprizes, accidents untill
You should arrive at Court and reach Madrill.
There should you heare how the States grandees flout you,
With their twice diligence about you,
How one inviron'd Prince walkes with a guard,
Of *Spanish* spies, and his owne servants barr'd;
How not a Chaplaine of his owne may stay
When he would heare a Sermon preacht, or pray.
You would be hungry having din'd to heare
The price of victuall, and the scarcity there,
As if the Prince had ventured there his life
To make a famine, not to fetch a wife.
Your Egges (which must be addle too) are deare
As English Capons, Capons as sheepe here;
No grasse for horse or cattle, for they say
It is not cut and made, grasse there growes hay,

The

Then 'tis ſo ſeething hot, they ſweare
You never heard of raw Oyſter there;
Your cold meate comes in reeking, there your wine
Is all burnt Sacke, the fire was in the vine;
Item the Pullets are diſtinguiſht there
Into foure quarters, as we branch the yeare,
And are a weeke a waſting; Munday noone
A wing, at ſupper ſomething with a ſpoone;
Tueſday a leg, and ſo forth, Sunday more,
The Liver and the gizzards betwixt foure;
As for the mutton, in the beſt houſe holder,
'Tis felony to cheapen a whole ſhoulder:
Lord how our ſtomacks come to us againe,
When we conceive what ſnatching is in *Spaine*!
I whilſt I write and doe your newes repeate,
Am forc't to call for breakefaſt in and eate;
And doe you wonder at this dearth the while
The flood that makes it runs ith' middle Ile,
Poets of *Paul*, theſe of Duke *Humfreys* meſſe,
That feed on naught but graves and emptineſſe.
But hearke you noble Sir, in one croſſe weeke,
My Lord hath loſt 4000. l. at Gleeke,
And ſith they doe allow you little meate,
They are content your loſſes ſhould be great;
Falſe on my Deanery, falſer then your fare is
Or then the difference with the Grand *d'Olivarie*,
Which was reported ſtrongly for one tide,
But after ſix houres flowing eb'd and dy'd.
If God would not this great deſigne ſhould be,
Perfect and round without ſome knavery,
Nor that our Prince ſhould end this enterprize,
But for ſo many tales, ſo many lies.

For a good intent the heavens may please,
Mens tongues should become rougher then the seas,
And that th'expence of paper should be such,
First written, then translated out of Dutch,
Narrants, diaries, packets, newes, more newes
Which innocent whitenesse constantly abuse
Whilst the Belgick pismire must be seene,
Before the Spanish Lady be our Queene.
With that successe and such an end at last,
All's welcome, pleasant, gratefull that is past,
And such an end I pray that you may see
A type of that which mother *Zebedee*
Wisht for her Sonnes in heaven, the Prince and you
At either hand of *James*, you need not sue,
Him on the right, you on the left, the King
Safe in the middest, you both inironing.
Then shall I tell my Lord his words and band
Are forfeit till I kisse the Prince his hand,
Then shall I tell the Duke our royall friend,
How all your other honours, this hath earn'd,
This you have wrought for, this you hammerd out,
Like a strong Smith, good workman, and a stout;
In this I have a part, in this I see
Some new addition smiling upon me;
Whoin an humble manner crave my share
In all your greatnesse whatso'ere they are.

R. *Corbet.*

Upon the death of the Lady Haddington dying of the Small Pox.

DEare losse! to tell the world I griev'd, were true,
But that were to bewayle my selfe, not you.

Thus

That were to cry out helpe for my affaires,
For which nor publike thoughts nor private cares;
For when thy fate I publish among men
I should have power to write with the States pen.
I should by naming thee force publique teares,
And bid their eyes pay ransome for their eares.
First, thy whole life was a short feast of wit,
And death the attendant which did wait on it;
To both mankind doth owe devotion ample,
To that their first, to this their last example.
And though 'twere fame enough with thee, where fame
And vertues nothing but an ample name,
That thou wert highly borne, which no man doubt,
And so might swathe base deeds in noble clouts,
Yet thou thy selfe in titles didst not shroud,
And being noble wast not soule, nor proud;
And when thy fruit was ripe, when all the suite
Of all the longing Courtiers for thy fruit,
How wisely didst thou choose foure blessed eyes,
The Kings and thine had taught thee to be wise.
Did not the best of men the Virgin give
Into his hands by whom himselfe did live,
Nor did they two yeares after talke of force,
Or Lady-like, make suite for a divorse;
Who when their owne vile lust is fully spent
Cry out my Lord, my Lord is impotent;
Nor hast thou in his Nuptiall armes injoyd
Barren embraces, but sweet girld and boyd;
Twice pretty ones, twice worthy were their youth
Mightst thou but bring them up that broughtst them forth
She would have taught them by a thousand straines
Her blood runs in their manners, not their veines,

That glory is a lie, state a grave sport,
And country sicknesse above breath at Court,
Oh what a want of her losse gallants have,
Since she hath changd her window for a grave;
From whence she wont to darr her wit so fast,
And sticke them in their Coaches as they past,
Who now shall make well coloured vice looke pale
And a curld meteor with her eyes exhale
And talke him into nothing, who shall dare
Tell barren braine they live in fertile ayre;
Who now shall keepe old Countesses in awe,
And by tart similies repentance draw
From those whom Preachers had given ore? some such
Whom Sermons could not teach her arrowes touch,
Hereafter fooles shall prosper with applause,
And wise men smile, and no man aske the cause;
He of fourscore, three night caps, and two haires,
Shall marry her of twenty and get heires,
Which shall be thought his owne, and none shall say,
But 'tis a wondrous blessing, and he may.
For which is more then pitty, many a knight
Who can doe more then quarrell, lesse then fight,
Shall choose his weapons, ground, draw seconds thither,
Put up his sword, and not be taught at neither;
O thou deformed unwoman-like disgrace,
Thou plowst up flesh and blood, and there sowst peace,
And leaves such print on beauty if thou come,
As cloured shooes doe on a stoore of loome,
Thou that of faces bony combes dost make,
And of two breasts two collanders; forsake
Thy deadly trade, thou art now rich, give ore,

Or if thou needst wilt magnifie thy power,
Goe where thou art invoked every houre;
Amongst the gamesters where they call thee thick
At the last maine, of the last pockie nick,
Get thee a lodging where thy clients dice,
There thou shalt practise on more then one vice,
There's wherewithall to entertain the pox,
Ther'es more then reason cousening for the Box,
Thou who hast such superstuous store of gaine,
Why stickst thou on whose ruine is thy shame?
O thou hast murdered where thou shouldst have kist,
And where thy shaft was needfull there thou mist;
Thou shouldst have chosen out some homely face,
Where thy ill favoured kindnesse might adde grace,
That men might say, How beauteous once was she,
Or what a peece ere she was seald by thee!
Thou shouldst have wrought upon some Ladies mould
That nere did love her Lord, nor never could,
Untill she were deform'd, this cruckie
Were then within the rule of charitie;
But upon one whose beautie was above
All sort of beautie, whose love was more then love,
On her to she thy ugly counterfeit,
Was to erect a pyramis of Jeat,
And put out fire to dig a turfe from hell,
And place it where a blessed soule should dwell;
A soule which in the body would not stay,
When 'twas no more a body nor good clay,
But a high ulcer; O thou heavenly race,
Thou soule which shun'st the infection of thy case,
Thy house, thy prison; Soule, spouse, faire
Rest where no health, no cold nor compounds are,

Rest

Rest in that Country, and enjoy that ease
Which thy fraile flesh divides and thy disease.

R. Corbet.

A proper new Ballad, intituled The Fairies farewel, *or* God a mercy Will, *to be sung or whistled, to the tune of the* Medow Brow *by the learned, by the unlearned to the tune of* Fortune.

FArewell rewards and Fairies
Good housewives now may say,
For now fowle sluts in Dairies
Do fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no lesse
Then maides were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleanlinesse,
Findes Six pence in her shooe?

Lament, lament old Abbies
The Fairies lost command,
They did but change Priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children stolne from thence
Are now growne puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,

So little care of sleepe and sloath,
These pretty Ladies had,
When *Tom* came home from labour,
Or *Cisse* to milking Rose;
Then merrily went their Tabor
And nimbly went their Toes.

Witnesse those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs which yet remaine,
Were footed in Queene *Maries* dayes
On many a grassy plaine.
But since of late *Elizabeth*
And later *James* came in,
They never daunc'd on any heath
As when the time had beene.

By which we note the Fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their Songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their daunces were procession;
But now alas they all are dead
Or gone beyond the Seas,
Or further from Religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And who so kept not secretly
Their mirth was punisht sure.
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such black and blew;

O how the Common-wealth doth need
Such Iuſtices as you!

Now they have left our Quarters,
A Regiſter they have,
Who can preſerve their Charters;
A Man both wiſe and grave.
A hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name,
Are kept in ſtore; con twenty thanks
To *William* for the ſame.

To *William Churne* of *Staffordſhire*,
Give laud and praiſes due;
Who every meale can mend your cheere,
With Tales both old and true.
To *William* all give audience,
And pray you for his Noddle;
For all the Fairies evidence,
Were loſt if it were addle.

To the Ghoſt of Rob. Wiſdome.

THou once a Body, now but ayre,
Arch-botcher of a *Pſalme* or *Prayer*;
From *Carfax* come:

And patch us up a zealous Lay,
With an old *Ever and for aye*,
Or all and ſome.

Or such a Spirit lend me,
As may a Hymn down send me,
To purge my brain.

So *Robert* look behinde thee,
Left *Turk* or *Pope* doe finde thee;
And goe to bed again.

An Epitaph on Tho. Jonce.

HEre for the nonce
Came *Thomas Jonce*,
In St. *Jileses* Church to lye.

None *Welch* before,
None *Welshman* more,
Till *Shon Clerk* dye.

Ile tole the Bell,
Ile ring his Knell;
He dyed well,
He's saved from Hell:
And so farewell
Tom Jonce.

On the Earl of Dorsets *Death.*

Et no prophane ignoble foot tread here,
This hallowed piece of Earth, *Dorset* lyes there:
A small poor Relique of a Noble spirit,
Free as the Aire, and ample as his Merit:
A soul refin'd, no proud forgetting Lord,
But mindfull of mean names, and of his word:
Who lov'd men for his Honour, not his ends,
And had the noblest way of getting friends
By loving first, and yet who knew the Court,
But understood it better by report
Then practise: He nothing took from thence
But the Kings favour for his recompence.
Who for Religion, or his Countreys good,
Neither his Honour valued, nor his blood.
Rich in the worlds opinion, and mens praise,
And full in all we could desire, but dayes.
He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbeare
To vent a sigh for him, or shed a teare,
May he live long scorn'd, and unpitied fall,
And want a Mourner at his Funerall.

R. Corbet.

On Henry Bolings.

IF gentlenesse could raine the Fates, or wit
Deliver man, *Bolings* had not dyed yet:
But one which over us in judgement sits,
Doth say our sins are stronger then our wits.

R. Corbet.

The Authors Answer.

SO to dead *Hector* boyes may doe disgrace,
That durst not look upon his living face.
So worst of men behinde their betters back
May stretch mens names and credit on the rack.
Good friend, our generall eye to him that's gone,
Should love the man that yearly doth him mone:
The Authors zeale and place he now doth hold,
His love and duty makes him be thus bold
To offer this poor mite, his Anniverse
Unto his good great Masters scared Herse:
The which he doth with priviledge of name,
Whilst others 'midst their Ale in Corners blame.
A penny-worth in Print they never made,
Yet think themselves as good as *Pond* or *Dade*,
One Anniverse; when thou hast done thus twice,
Thy words among the best will be of *Price*.

Dr. Price.

A Reply.

NOr is it griev'd (grave Youth) the memorie
Of such a Story, such a Book as he,
That such a Copy through the world were read,
Henry yet lives, though he be buryed
I could be wisht that every day could beare
Him our good witnesse that he still were here;

That

That sorrow rul'd the yeare; and by that sun
(Such Man) could tell you how the day had run.
O 'twere an honest cause for him, could say,
I have been busie, and wept out the day
Remembring him; an Epitaph would last,
Were such a Trophee, such a Banner plac't
Upon his Herse as this, Here a man lyes
Was slain by *Henry*'s dart, nor Destinies.
But for a Cobler to throw up his Cap,
And cry, The Prince, the Prince: O dire mishap!
Or a Grave-Bridegroom after grace
To throw his Spouse i'th fire, or scratch her face:
To the tune o'th' Lamentation, and delay
His Friday Capon till the Sabbath-day:
Or an old Popish Lady half vow'd dead,
To fast away the day with Ginger-bread:
For him to write such Annalls: All these things
Doe open laughter, and shut up griefs springs.
Wherefore *Vertumnus*, if you Print the next,
Bring better votes, or choose a meaner Text.

R. Corbet.

FINIS.